

I have spent some weeks here. Ponsonby, the Governor, is a most charming fellow, and has been most courteous to me. His wife is very plain and not very popular, being grand, but I rather like her. . . . Do you remember in ancient days in Windsor, the Royal Fusiliers being quartered there, and James swearing that the two young subs, Liddell and Lord Amelius Paulet, were brothers of his schoolfellows, and all that? How curious life is. That Liddell is now quartered here, and being senior captain on the station in the absence of Fitzclarence, who has gone home to see his papa, he commands the regiment, and has become my most intimate friend. . . . He and another Fusilier, by name Pery, the future Lord Limerick, are my usual companions. They are both men of the world and good company, forming a remarkable contrast to all their brother officers forsooth. A visit to Gibraltar and Malta, our two crack garrisons, has quite opened my eyes to the real life of a *militaire*. By heavens! I believe these fellows are boys till they are majors, and sometimes do not even stop there. . . .

A week ago I knew not what I should do. All is now settled. On Wednesday morning I quit this place, where on the whole I have spent very agreeable hours, in a yacht which Clay has hired, and in which he intends to turn pirate. The original plan was to have taken it together, but Meredith was averse to this, and we have become his passengers at a fair rate, and he drops us whenever and wherever we like. You should see me in the costume of a Greek pirate. A blood-red shirt, with silver studs as big as shillings, an immense scarf for girdle, full of pistols and daggers, red cap, red slippers, broad blue striped jacket and trousers. . . . There is a Mrs. Pleydell Bouverie here, with a pretty daughter, *cum multis aliis*. I am sorry to say among them a beauty, very dangerous to the peace of your unhappy brother. But no more of that, and in a few weeks I shall be bounding, and perhaps seasick, upon the blue J3gean, > and then all will be over. Nothing like an emetic in these cases. I find I have very little to tell you, for although each day brings an infinite deal of nothings, which might authorise a record over a wood fire in the old hall, they are too slight to bear any communication but an oral one. So let us hope that may soon take place. I often think of you all. . . . If you hear of my marriage or death, don't believe it, any more than I shall of our father being in the new batch of baronets, which is here currently reported. Clay is immensely improved, and a very agreeable companion indeed, -with such a valet,

Giovanni¹ by name. Byron died in his
i See Appendix A.